

10

The DELIGHTFUL New
A C A D E M Y
O F
COMPLIMENTS.

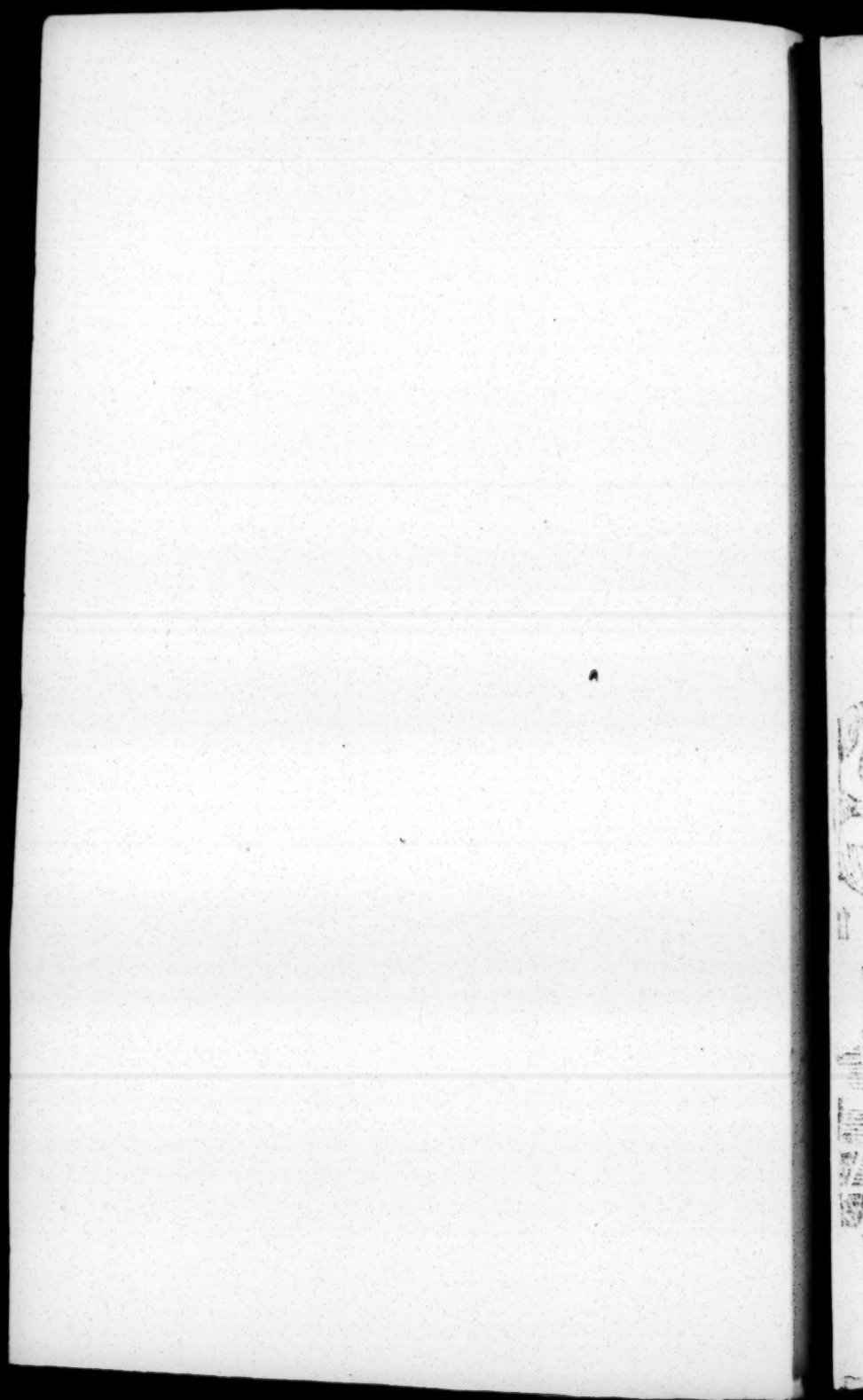
B E I N G

The rarest and most exact ART of Wooing a MAID or WIDOW, by Way of Dialogue or complimentary Expressions. With passionate Love Letters, courtly Sentences to express the Elegance of Love; and Posies for Gloves and Rings.

To which is added, a choice Collection of the newest Songs, sung at Court and City: Set by the best Wits of the Age.



NEWCASTLE : Printed in this present Year.



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A TABLE of CONTENTS.

	Page.
T HE Lover's Resolution to his fair Mistress	3
Beauty's Admirer	ibid.
The mournful Lover	4
Love and Complimental Expressions	ibid.
The most excellent way of courting a coy Virgin	5
How to court a brisk Widow	6
A passionate Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistress	7
The Lady's Answer	ibid.
Complimental Expressions from a young Gentleman	ibid.
Complimental Expressions for the Female Sex	8
A Letter in verse from a young Man	ibid.
Pleasant Love Posies	ibid.
The Bride and Bridegroom's Joys completed	ibid.
The injured Maid	9
The young Man's Answer	10
The praise of Woman	ibid.
The Ramble—Nell's Constancy	11
The Seaman's Answer—The complaining Swain	12
The Maid's Resolution	13
The Batchelor's Answer—The little Girl's wish	14
The intrigues of Love	15
The handsome Maid—The Milk-maid's Delight	16
The Virgin's Ramble—The kind Lass	17
The unfortunate Damsel	18
The Lover's Complaint—The charming Breeze	19
Tom Jolly's Health to drown Melancholy	21
The forsaken Swain	22
The French Merchant's Daughter's Lamentation	23
The Answer to the Merchant's Daughter	24
The	

The Delightful New

A C A D E M Y

O F

COMPLIMENTS, &c.



The protesting Lover's Resolution to his fair Mistress

A H! dear Madam, how can my Thoughts frame Words, or my Tongue utter Expressions sufficient to let you know the Secrets of my Heart! But if all the tender Affections that have Power to possess a Lover's Breast can move you to take Compassion on him that adores your Virtue and rare Perfections, let not my bashful Nature lessen your Opinion of him that is the humblest of your Servants: But out of a compassionate Goodness pity him that lays himself at your Feet, and lives but by your Smiles.

Beauty's Admirer; or, The young Lover taken in Cupid's Snare.

FAIR Lady, when I contemplate your Excellence, and in Imagination survey your transcendent Beauty, I am ravished with Joys: But again, considering that I reach at glittering Stars, and desire Things not to be enjoyed, it sinks me into the depth of Melancholy, and makes me despair of happiness; but when I contemplate you are all Goodness, it emboldens me to fall into

such merciful Hands : However, my Presumption is such, that it is from your Favor I expect Life, but if my condition is condemned by your fair Self, my Remedy is to shake Hands with the World, and go contentedly to the Grave.

The Mournful Lover, for the Loss of his Mistress.

AH! dear Madam, why do you take from me the Light which should guide me to my Felicity. What, is the dazzling Object of my Joy removed? Turn not away those beauteous Eyes that should give Day; or if for a Time you cover me with Shades of Discontent, let it not be durable: The Body with greater Pangs parts not with its dear loved Soul, than I with you! Oh! let not the Separation last, lest an Excess of Grief overwhelm me, and cause me to lie in 'an untimely Grave. My Affections, dear Madam, are chained to you, and if you break the Link, I am made unhappy for ever.

Love Complimental Expressions, applicable to either Sex, in Intrigues, Wooing, and Dialogue.

Man. MADAM, how shall I recompence the Favour you do me, in suffering me to be possessed of so great a Blessing as I now enjoy.

Woman. Sir, you over-value the Affair, and the Acknowledgement should be on my Part.

M. Ah! Madam, the Blessing is transcendent, and such alone as my imperfect Service can never merit.

W. Sir, you are, I perceive, pleased to pass these Compliments on me, in regard I am the weaker Sex, and not capable to reach the exalted Rhetoric that soars above my Capacity.

M. Mistake not, Madam, my poor Meaning, nor turn it to sinister Ends, my Designs are far from Flattery, and my Resolution is ever to love and adore you, next the Supreme Divinity I worship.

W. If I thought you sincere, my Intentions might be laid more open.

M. Madam,

M. Madam, the Integrity of my Mind is before you and the Depth of my Affection exceeds my Expression: Pardon me then, most excellent Creature, if I am compelled to say, I love you beyond what offers on this Side of Heaven.

W. For once I'll take the Assurance you give me; but pray be constant, and let not my easy yielding lessen your Opinion of her, who rashly throws herself into your Arms.

M. May Sun and Moon forget their Course, and the Stars deny their Lustre, when I forget to own and acknowledge this Favour from my adored Mistress.

*In everlasting Constancy we'd live,
Lull'd in such Joys as Earth beside can't give.*

The most excellent Way of courting a coy Virgin, to obtain her Love.

Man. **M**ADAM, I rejoice that Time has been so favourable as to offer me this Moment of serving you.

Maid. Truly, Sir, it is ill given, and will be as ill spent in that Affair.

Man. Oh! let not my fair One say so, I count it exceeding, and am raised in Expectation, as I may say, from Death to Life.

Maid. In Expectation of what, Sir? I know no great Encouragement you have to expect any thing from me.

Man. Can so fair a Creature be cruel! and must I die?

Maid. I vow, Sir, you make me Smile; Die, quoth she, this is the saying of all young Men when in our Presence, but we are scarce out of Sight ere we are forgot.

Man. Ah! Madam, condemn me not for some few that are faithless and inconstant: If I love you not above all earthly Things, may the Thunder strike me dead, and the utmost Torment seize me.

Maid. Ah! could I believe Mankind, and had I not set a Resolution against them, I might credit you.

Man. If not credited, the Demonstration shall convince you, thus then I fall a Sacrifice to your Disdain.

Maid. Hold, hold, rash Man! you shall not die, I am confirmed without the Loss of Blood, and cannot see such Tragedies.

Man. Then, Madam, for your Sake I'll live,
'Tis only you that Life can give.

How to Court a brisk Widow.

Man. **M**ADAM, to be plain, without any long Ceremony, I came to wait upon you, and offer my Person and Service to be at your Devotion.

Widow. Hey-day, pray Sir, to what may all this tend?

M. Why, in good Faith to Matrimony; and therefore in short, I love you, and long to be consummating the great End of Affections! Oh! how shall I hug you in my Arms with Joy.

W. Sure, Sir, you ha'nt slept well To-night, that makes you so frolicksome in your Discourse.

M. Truly Widow, not very well; for I did nothing but toss and tumble, dreaming I had you in my Arms, amidst a thousand Transports of Joy and Happiness.

W. That was very odd, Sir; but pray how long have you been in this Taking?

M. Ever since I saw your pretty Eyes, that stole my Heart away, and robbed me of my rest.

W. Alas, poor Man! and how do you hope to be cured?

M. Faith, Madam, by enjoying the Substance which the Shadow has often represented, and kiss and hug you thus—thus—with Joy in my Arms.

W. O fye! how you tease a Body: is this your Way of Wooing? yet I confess I like a brisk Man, and if I thought you would be constant, I could find in my Heart to match your Cock for you.

M. Never fear it, Widow: I'll prove as constant as the most demure Lover.

W. Well, come along, I'll send for the Parson, and then I'll try what Mettle you are made of.

*By this dear Kiss you're kind, and I will be
Loving and constant evermore to thee.*

A passionate

A passionate Love Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

SINCE I first beheld your bright Eyes, they, like two blazing Stars, have influenced Wars and Tumults in my Soul; and banished Rest from my Abode: I have long stifled my Flame, divinest Creature, but at last it hath broke out to let you know how much I suffer, and that nothing but your Smiles and condescending Goodness can relieve me, therefore begging Life at your Hands I cast myself, in imitation, prostrate at your Feet. And, in hopes of a favourable Sentence, remain, Madam,

Your most passionate and obedient Servant

The Lady's Answer.

S I R,

IT was my Fortune some Days since to receive your Letter, perusing which I was not a little filled with Wonder, and can now only tell you that I never wished you any Unhappiness, and would be sorry if you should suffer through me: If I can contribute to your Felicity, I should not be wanting, so far as Virtue and Modesty will allow me, and this is all I can do; so remaining your Friend, I take my Leave, &c.

Complimental Expressions to be used by young Men to their Mistresses,

FAIREST Mistress, I am become your Slave to your Charms.

Ah! Madam, look down upon the Man that adores you, and let him not fall a Sacrifice to your Disdain.

Dearest Love, tell me how I stand in your Affections, and suffer me not to languish thus between Hope and Despair.

Oh! my Fair One, did you consider my Service, Love, and Constancy, you would not be cruel.

Although, dear Madam, my Rival may abound in Wealth; yet, in Love and Constancy, I presume to exceed him.

Complimental

Complimental Expressions for the Female Sex.

S I R, your Compliments surpass my Understanding
I know myself obliged to you for the Favour I
have received, and should be ungrateful without an
Acknowledgement.

Sir, I must own your Deserts, and therefore presume
not to pretend to what you offer.

Sir, if I have misunderstood you, I beg your Pardon
for the Dulness of my Apprehension.

A Letter in Verse from a young Man to his Mistress.

FAIREST Creature look with Pity down,
Oh! do not on thy Servant Frown,
But Pardon him that Loves you more than Man
Could ever do, or Mortal can
Besides himself; Then let your Goodness shine
In Beams of Comfort from a face Divine:
That so my ravish'd Soul, rais'd by your Smiles,
May Pass to bliss, forgetting all its Toils.

Pleasant Love Posies.

THIS to my Love and only Eove.
Nothing shall part thee from my Heart.
All Happiness we do possess,
We have Joys, none can Destroy.
None can remove our faithful Love.
Let none divide those God has ty'd.
To live in Peace brings us Increase.
No Love like ours, which ay endures.
Our Hearts co-join as Palms do 'twine.
Love true as I, or else I die.
'Tis nought but Fate can separate.

*A choice Collection of SONGS, sung at
C O U R T and C I T Y.*

The Bride and Bridegroom's Joys compleated.

THE Danger is over, is over, is over, the Danger is over,
The Battle, the Battle, the Battle, the Battle is past;

The

The Nymph had her Fears, the Nymph had her Fears, Fears'
But she ventur'd, she ventur'd, she ventur'd at last.

She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done, done,
She smil'd at her Folly, her Folly, and own'd she had won;
By her Eyes we discover the Bride has been pleas'd pleas'd
Her Blushes become her, her Passion, her passion is eas'd.

She dissembles her Joys and Affects so look down, down,
If she sighs 'tis for Sorrow, for Sorrow, 'tis ended so soon:
All Joy to the Bridegroom, the Bridegroom, the Bridegroom
All Joy to the Bridegroom, the lovely, the lovely Bride.

And may they have Pleasure, have Pleasure, Pleasure,
And Plenty, and Plenty, and Plenty, and Plenty besides:
May she ne'er repent of the Conquest he won, won, won,
Nor he, nor he, nor he ne'er repine at her yielding so soon.

But Love and Embrace, and for ever be kind, kind,
And every Moment, every Moment be both of one Mind;
And still live from Envy and Jealousy free, free, free,
Then happy for ever, for ever, for ever they'll be.

The injured MAID.

WHY shou'd not I complain of thee,
Thus cruelly for using me?
When unto thee it is well known,
In wronging me, in wronging me, thou wrong'st thy own.

Hard is thy Heart, harder than Steel,
Colder than Ice which Frost congeal:
To the Gods above, it is well known, (my Own.
My Heart's more thine, my Heart's more thine, than 'tis

When first the youthful Lad I see,
Oh! then he did appear to me,
An Angel that did shine so bright,
But now I've lost, but now I've lost my Heart's Delight.

'Tis too much for a Maid to trust,
A young Man's Mercy who's unjust;
For I myself, who sings this Song,
Can safely say, can safely say, he's done me Wrong.

The

The young M A N's answer.

'TIS true thou justly may'st complain,
Of thy unfaithful perjur'd Swain;
But yet at first I did design
To marry you, to marry you, in little Time.

My Father told me o'er and o'er;
Of one who riches had great store;
He said, If I did not agree,
To court that Lais, to court that Lais, he'd not own me

He said, If I a thousand took,
I should no more upon her look,
But straight he made me for to go
To church and wed, to church and wed, I know not who.

Since I have proved so untrue,
I bid unto the world adieu;
For I no comfort now can have, (my grave,
Then death come send, then death come send me to

The Praise of W O M A N.

HOW lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd,
When the Spirits are strong, and the Fancy not cloy'd
We admire every part though never so plain,
Which, when thoroughly possess'd, we quickly disdain.

Each Lady we court and beg they'll be kind,
And when they consent to be of our Mind,
We kiss and embrace, and do what's to be done,
When their bellies are full, we leave them forlorn.

A Woman we see we hope to enjoy,
We think ourselves happy, if they prove not coy:
Each feature we praise, and admire their parts,
Though to the next face we proffer our Hearts.

Yet still of all pleasure, there's none can compare,
To the Joys of a Woman that's virtuous and fair;
She diverts us all Day with pleasing delight,
Then raptures of Joy she yields all the night.

The

The A M B L E,

FROM *Whitehall* to the *Temple* I rambl'd,
 On purpose to pick up a Whore;
 And by chance as I rambl'd along,
 I spy'd one coming before.

By your leave, sweet Madam, said I,
 I will not admit of a reply;
 Then prithee be civil, and go to the Devil,
 And drink till the Devil we defy;
 And I'll give you a treat, and a guinea to boot:
 I'll please you, quoth she, if a Woman can do't.
 I'm sound as a Roach, by my Soul, Sir,
 You need not fear a Mishap;
 You've won me and now may controul, Sir,
 Then prithee, dear, sit on my lap;
 And let us partake of those joys,
 That bliss which never cloy:
 'Tis always inviting, and still more delighting,
 Time often our wishes destroys;
 Come kiss me, my dearest, thou heaven of charms,
 When I die, my dear, let it be in thy arms.

NE L L's Conflancy.

I Love you dearly, I love you well,
 I love you dearly, no tongue can tell.
 You love another, you love not me,
 You care not for my company.

You love another, I'll tell you why,
 Because she hath more means than I:
 But means will waste love, and means will fly,
 In time thou may'st have no more than I.

If I had gold love, thou should'st have part,
 But as I have none, love, thou hast my heart:
 Thou hast my heart, love, and free good-will,
 And in good truth, I love thee still.

How often has your tongue thus told,
 You lov'd not for silver, nor for gold,

And

And thus to me you did impart,
And your desire was my heart.

Your tongue did so enchant my mind,
Still I am, and for ever must be kind;
Though you prove false yet I am true,
And own I am undone my you.

The SEAMAN'S Answer.

FAIR Maid, you say you love me well,
I do believe it, honest NELL:
I'll likewise tell thee what is true,
Once there was none I lov'd like you.

It was not for money that I wed,
I never ask'd her what she had;
You said, you would not married be,
Till I return again from sea.

As for your kindness still to me,
A thousand thanks I return to thee:
And I am glad you do impart,
A Seaman still shall have your heart.

The Complaining SWAIN.

LOOK, look from the Window, my dear,
See, see now your Lover in pomp appear;
Make, make me your own while you may,
My mind it may alter another day;
Don't, don't be a fool and refuse,
Think, think what a jewel you loose;
For when 'tis too late, you may curse your hard fate,
And so hang yourself in a noose.

Phillis from her window did peep,
Oh! my dear Strephon, she said, is it you?
I'll slip on my gown, and down creep,
And bid my Friends for ever adieu:
For who will stay that's so confid'd,
With Parents that are so unkind:
No, no, said she, this moment I'll be with thee,
Ay, and that you shall presently find.

Young

Young Strephon said to his sweet dear,
 My jewel, I fear you'll be betray'd,
 For if they should chance you to hear,
 As you come down, my Love, I'm afraid,
 Then both of us will be undone,
 And sorrow will be our doom:
 Yet dress you my dear, for you need not to fear,
 But I'll take you safe out of the room.

Then straight he contrived a way,
 For to fair Phillis his love he was true;
 And thus to his charmer did say,
 This have I done for the sake of you:
 Then a soft pillow of down,
 From the window unto the ground,
 He caught his true lover, that none might discover,
 With what joy these two Lovers abound.

The MAID's Resolution.

OFt have I heard the wives complain,
 Oh! that they were but maids again:
 Maids, and they would marry none,
 For the maid is blest'd that lies alone.

What is more sweeter than to lie free,
 And to enjoy one's liberty?
 Therefore I will marry with none,
 For the Maid is blest that lies alone.

Love is a torment in the breast,
 And will not let a maiden rest;
 And the young men are so faithless grown,
 That the maid is blest that lies alone.

When we are young they praise us all,
 And their delight and darling call;
 And yet a Lover I'll have none,
 For the maid is blest that lies alone.

Why should I wear young Cupid's chain?
 Why should I grieve and sigh in vain?
 Now my heart, I'm sure, is my own,
 For the maids are blest'd that lie alone.

The

The BACHELOR's Answer.

WHAT makes the Maids in this odd Mind,
 To say we're false and unkind;
 Unkind! I say, it can never be,
 For the Men and Maids may soon agree.

Sure, she has got a sudden Fit,
 Or by the Green-sickness lost her Wit:
 Lost her Wit, ay, so must it be,
 For the Men and Maids may soon agree.

Let her try some bonny Blade,
 And I'll lay my Life she shall be no Maid:
 Be no Maid, it never can be,
 For the Men and Maids may soon agree.

Prithee, tell me, where is the Harm?
 To be with a young Man soft and warm:
 Soft and warm, it pleasant must be,
 For the Men and Maids may soon agree.

O that I was some lovely Lads,
 I would bring my wishes to pass:
 Bring to pass, what quickly might be,
 That the men and Maids may soon agree.

The little GIRL's Wish.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
 How to make a Lover yield;
 How to keep, and how to gain,
 When to love, and when to feign:

Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true;
 E'er I can my Soul disguise,
 Heave my Breast, heave my Breast, and roll my Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the Way
 How to lie and to betray;
 He that has me first is blest,
 For I may, for I may deceive the Rest.

Could

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love and full of truth;
Brisk, and of a gallant Mein,
I should long, I should long to be fifteen.

Oh ! so sweet's a married life,
Methinks I fain would be a wife;
Because I heard some people tell,
That maidens did lead apes in Hell.

And though I be but young in years,
Yet am possess'd with many fears;
Lest you should your love deny,
And I must, and I must a maiden die.

The INTRIGUES of Love.

HOW happy are we,
When we meet with a Beauty,
That's charming and free,
And knows more than her duty:
Women they were made for men,
The Gods above allow the same.
But this cunning Creature,
Will not yield to nature;
Nor will let you do't,
Unless you court her to't,
And give her gold to boot,
But you must ever swear to be true.

But when the Guinea wins her,
She's at your Devotion;
She'll freely let you in, Sir,
And meet you in the motion;
'Tis then, if you behold her eyes,
How they roll, when at the sport she lies:
First she turns the white,
And then she shuts them quite;
And then with all her might,
She seems her Lips to bite,
And swears you're her delight,
Such joys, sure she never felt the like before.

The

The handsome Maid; or, buxom Joan.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
 A Tinker and a Taylor,
 Had once a doubtful strife, fir,
 To make a Maid a Wife fir,
 Whose name was buxom Joan,
 Whose name was buxom Joan.
 The Soldier swore like thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder,
 And shew'd her many a fear, fir,
 Which he had bro't from far, fir,
 With fighting for her sake, &c,
 The Taylor tho't to please her.
 By offering her his Measure;
 The Tinker too with Mettle,
 Said, he would mend her Kettle
 And stop up every Leak, &c.

And while these three were pra-
 The Sailor sily waiting; (sing,
 Thought if it came about, Sir,
 That they shou'd all fall out Sir
 He then mi'ht play his part &c.
 But now the Time was ended,
 When she no more intended
 To lick her lips at man, Sir,
 And gnaw the sheet in vain, Sir,
 And lie all night alone, &c.
 And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
 To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 And shot 'tween wind and water,
 Which won this fair maid's hear;
 Which won this fair maid's hear;

The bonny Milk Maid's Delight.

YE nymphs & Sylvan Gods
 That love gr fields & woods
 When spring newly blown
 Herself does adorn,
 With flow'rs & blooming buds
 Come sing in the praise,
 (Whilst flocks do graze
 In yonder pleasant vale)
 Of those that chuse
 Their sleep to lose,
 And in cold dews,
 With clouted shoes,
 Do carry the Milking Pail.
 The Goddess of the morn,
 With blushes they adorn,
 And take the fresh air,
 Whilst linnets prepare
 A concert on each green thorn:
 The black bird and thrush
 On every bush.
 And the charming nightingale.
 In merry vein,
 Their throats do strain,
 To entertain
 The jolly train
 That carry the Milking Pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
 And flow'rs can spring no more,
 The Fields that were seen
 So pleasant and green,
 By Winter all candy'd o'er:
 Oh! how the town lass,
 Looks with her white face,
 And her lips of a deadly pale;
 But it is not so
 With those that go
 Through frost and snow,
 With cheeks that glow,
 To carry the Milking Pail.
 The Miss of comely mould,
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
 With wishes and paint,
 Her skin do so taint,
 She's wither'd before she is old.
 Whilst she in commode,
 Puts on a cart-load,
 And with cushions plume her
 What joys are found (tail:
 In russet gown,
 Young, plump, and round,
 And sweet and sound,
 That carry the Milking Pail.

The

The girls of Venus's game,
That venture health & fame,
In practising feats,
With colds and with heats,
Make loves go blind and lame,
If men were so wise,
To value the prize
Of the wares most fit for sale;
What store of beaus,
Would daub their cloaths
To save a nose
By following those
That carry the Milking Pail.

The Virgin's Ramble.

From grave lessons & restrain
I'm stole out to revel here
Yet I tremble and I pan,
In the middle of the fair;
Oh! would fortune in the way
Throw a lover kind and gay;
Now's the time now's the time,
Now's the time he soon may move
A young heart unus'd to love,
Shall I venture? No, no, no.

The kind Lass;

Blyth Jockey, young & gay,
Is all my Soul's delight:
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter still with me;
But when he's with me here,
'Tis Summer all the year.
I'm blyth when Jockey comes,
Sad when he gangt away:
'Tis night when Jockey glooms,
And when he smiles 'tis day:
When our eyes meet, spent
I colour, sigh, or faine;
What lass then would be kind,
Can better tell he mind.
Jockey and I did meet,
First in a shady grove;
Humbly he did me treat,
And sweetly talk'd of love.

The country lads is free
From fears and jealousy,
When upon the green,
He is often seen,
With his lass upon his knee;
With kisses most sweet,
He does her treat,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale.
Whilst the London lads,
In ev'ry place,
With her brazen face,
Despises the race
Of those with the Milking Pail,

Shall I from the danger go?
Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no,
I must not try, I cannot fly.
Help me nature, help me art
Why should I deny my Heart
If a lover will pursue
Like the wisest I will do;
I will sit him if he's true,
If he's false, I'll sit him too.

or, fickle Jockey.

You are the lass, said he,
That stole a heart from me,
Then ease me of my pain,
And do not me disdain.
He was as blyth a lad,
As ever I did see,
It made my Heart full glad,
When that he courted me:
I could not well deny,
But soon I did comply,
And Jockey promis'd me,
That he would faithful be,
Jockey did often swear,
That he would still be true;
But to my grief, I hear,
He has bid me adieu;
Jockey and I did play,
And pass the time away,
But now he's false for sworn,
Has left me here to mourn.

The handsome Maid; or, buxom Joan.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
 A Tinker and a Taylor,
 Had once a doubtful strife, fir,
 To make a Maid a Wife fir,
 Whose name was buxom Joan,
 Whose name was buxom Joan.
 The Soldier swore like thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder,
 And shew'd her many a fear, fir,
 Which he had bro't from far, fir,
 With fighting for her sake, &c,
 The Taylor tho't to please her.
 By offering her his Measure;
 The Tinker too with Mettle,
 Said, he would mend her Kettle
 And stop up every Leak, &c.

And while these three were pra-
 The Sailor sily waiting; (ting,
 Thought if it came about, Sir,
 That they shou'd all fall out Sir
 He then mi'ht play his part &c.
 But now the Time was ended,
 When she no more intended
 To lick her lips at man, Sir,
 And gnaw the sheet in vain, Sir,
 And lie all night alone, &c.
 And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
 To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 And shot 'tween wind and water,
 Which won this fair maid's heart,
 Which won this fair maid's heart,

The bonny Milk Maid's Delight.

YE nymphs & Sylvan Gods
 That love gr fields & woods
 When spring newly blown
 Herself does adorn,
 With flow'rs & blooming buds
 Come sing in the praise,
 (Whilst flocks do graze
 In yonder pleasant vale)
 Of those that chuse
 Their sleep to lose,
 And in cold dews,
 With clouted shoes,
 Do carry the Milking Pail.
 The Goddess of the morn,
 With blushes they adorn,
 And take the fresh air,
 Whilst linens prepare
 A concert on each green thorn:
 The black bird and thrush
 On every bush.
 And the charming nightingale.
 In merry vein,
 Their throats do strain,
 To entertain
 The jolly train
 That carry the Milking Pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
 And flow'rs can spring no more,
 The Fields that were seen
 So pleasant and green,
 By Winter all candy'd o'er:
 Oh! how the town lass,
 Looks with her white face,
 And her lips of a deadly pale;
 But it is not so
 With those that go
 Through frost and snow,
 With cheeks that glow,
 To carry the Milking Pail.
 The Miss of comely mould,
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
 With wishes and paint,
 Her skin do so taint,
 She's wither'd before she is old.
 Whilst she in commode,
 Puts on a cart-load,
 And with cushions plume her
 What joys are found (tail:
 In russet gown,
 Young, plump, and round,
 And sweet and sound,
 That carry the Milking Pail.

The

The girls of Venus's game,
That venture health & fame,
In practising feats,
With colds and with heats,
Make loves go blind and lame,
If men were so wise,
To value the prize
Of the wares most fit for sale;
What store of beaus,
Would daub their cloaths
To save a nose
By following those
That carry the Milking Pail.

The Virgin's Ramble.

From grave lessons & restrain
I'm stole out to revel here
Yet I tremble and I pant,
In the middle of the fair;
Oh would fortune in the way
Throw a lover kind and gay;
Now's the time now's the time,
No 's the time he soon may move
A young heart unus'd to love,
Shall I venture? No, no, no.

The kind Lass; or, fickle Jockey.

Blyth Jockey, young & gay,
Is all my Soul's delight:
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter still with me;
But when he's with me here,
'Tis Summer all the year.
I'm blyth when Jockey comes,
Sad when he gangs away:
'Tis night when Jockey glooms,
And when he smiles 'tis day:
When our eyes meet, spent
I colour, sigh, or fain;
What lads then would be kind,
Can better tell he mind.
Jockey and I did meet,
First in a shady grove;
Humbly he did me treat,
And sweetly talk'd of love.

The country lads is free
From fears and jealousy,
When upon the green,
He is often seen,
With his lass upon his knee;
With kisses most sweet,
He does her treat,
And swears she'll ne'er grow flat.
Whilst the London lads,
In ev'ry place,
With her brazen face,
Despises the race
Of those with the Milking Pail,

Shall I from the danger go?
Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no,
I must not try, I cannot fly.
Help me nature, help me art
Why should I deny my Heart
If a lover will pursue
Like the wisest I will do;
I will sit him if he's true,
If he's false, I'll sit him too.

You are the lass, said he,
That stole a heart from me,
Then ease me of my pain,
And do not me disdain.
He was as blyth a lad,
As ever I did see,
It made my Heart full glad,
When that he courted me:
I could not well deny,
But soon I did comply,
And Jockey promis'd me,
That he would faithful be,
Jockey did often swear,
That he would still be true;
But to my grief, I hear,
He has bid me adieu;
Jockey and I did play,
And pass the time away,
But now he's false forsworn,
Has left me here to mourn.

Now Jockey has a Love,
That is more rich than I;
He does so cruel prove,
To shun my Company:
And if I chance to meet,
My Jockey in the Street;
He will not stop nor stay,
But proudly goes away.
My Heart is like to break,
Since he is so unkind:
What Course now shall I take,
To ease my troubled Mind:
I sigh, I sob, I mourn,
I daily rage and burn:
But yet this cruel he,
Laughs at my Misery.

Once in a Month he sends,
A Letter unto me;
Swearing he still intends
To love me heartily:
But when I come in Place,
And do behold his Face;
He does no Notice take,
Which makes my Heart to ache.
Sometimes when Jockey smiles,
I think he's true to me:
So much I am beguil'd,
By his base Flattery:
But when he frowns on me,
No comfort can I see;
Yet if he's false or kind,
He is still in my Mind.

The unfortunate Damsel.

I Sowed the Seeds of Love,
To blossom all the Spring;
In April, May, or else in June,
When the small Birds do sing:
A Gardener standing by,
I desired him to chuse for me,
He pick'd out the Lilly, the Violet, and Pink,
But I refused all three.
The Lilly I refus'd,
Because it faded so soon,
The Violet and Pink I overlook'd,
Resolv'd was to tarry till June:
In June the red Roses bud,
O that is a Lover for me;
But I have often aim'd at the red Rose-Bud,
And have gained the Willow-tree.
The Gardener standing by,
He pray'd me to have a Care,
For the Thorn that grew on the red Rose-bush,
A venomous Thorn they were:
A venomous Thorn indeed,
For still I feel the Smart;
And ev'ry Thing I did it touch,
It prick'd my tender Heart,

Away

(19)

Away you fading Flowers,
No more I will you touch,
That all the World may plainly see,
I lov'd one Flower too much.

The Lover's Complaint.

HARK, the Trumpets sound to Arms, fatal Noise!
Hark the Trumpets sound to arms, adieu ye Joys!
Fear on all Sides round me move,
For thy Sake and for thy Love;
Midst Alarming, dismal Arming,
Gods preserve the Man I Love.
Hark, the General gives Command, March; away
Brave Boys, martial Troops in order for to obey;
Cannons roaring, Bullets fly,
Death and Sorrow round me move;
Oh! I sighing, fainting lie,
Help, O help, come quick, my Love.
Midst of Terror, Blood and Wounds whilst he goes,
Thought of War, the dismal Sound increase my Woes;
Fate that has made me his Slave,
Unto ye I pine I cry,
Guard my Dear, or give me grave,
Alas! for him I faint, I die
Cease complaining, dry those Tears, charming Maid,
Cease complaining, dry those Tears, nor Fate upbraid,
Heaven that made Mankind its Care,
Guards the Brave, to save the Fair;
Fate of my Life dispose,
But shall never change my Vows.

The charming Breeze.

OH! the charming Month of May,
When the Breezes,
Fan the Trees, is
Full of Blossom fresh and gay;
Oh! the charming Month of May,
Charming, charming Month of May.

Oh

Oh! what Joys our Prospect yields,
 When in new Livery,
 Bush and Meadow, Tree, and Field,
 Oh! what Joys, &c. charming Joys, &c.

O how fresh the Morning Air,
 When the Zephyrs,
 And the Heifers,
 Their odoriferous Breath compare,
 Oh how fresh, &c. charming sweet, &c.

Oh how sweet at Night to dream,
 On mossy Pillows,
 By the Willows,
 Of a gentle purling Stream,
 O how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.

O how kind the Country Lass,
 Who her Cow: binking,
 Leaves her Milking,
 For a green Gown upon the Grass,
 O how kind, &c. charming kind, &c.

O how fine our Evening Walk,
 When the Nightin-
 Gale delighting,
 With her Songs suspend our Talk,
 O how fine, &c. charming fine, &c.

O how sweet it is to 'spy,
 At the Conclusion,
 Her deep Confusion,
 Blushing Cheeks, and down cast Eye,
 O how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.

O the Charming Curds and Cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her Lover,
 O the charming Curds and Cream,
 Charming, charming, &c.

Tom Jolly's Health to drown Melancholy.

HERE's a Health to the Tavern-master,
His Wife in the Bar,
Still has a Care

How she pleases the skilful Taster,
Long Life to the Man Tom Jolly, &c.
Who brings us Wine.
Wheresoever we Dine,
For to drown all Melancholy.

Here's a Health to the honest Steward,
He receives no Rent,
Yet he's Content,
And he's often squeez'd by his Tenant.
Long Life to the Man, &c.

Here's a Health to Jemmy the Butler,
He brings us Beer,
To our good Cheer,
We'll drink to his Health for ever.
Long Life to the Man, &c.

Here's a Health to the Cook-maid Nelly,
May the Pot nor the Spit
Ne'er fail of a Bir,
To fill a graceful Belly,
Long Life to the Man, &c.

Here's a Health to the Farmer's Daughter,
Lay her down
Upon the Ground,
And she'll fall into a Laughter.
Long Life to the Man, &c.

Here's a Health to the City Miss,
With a Patch on her Face,
And a neat wrap'd Waist;
She'll dance like any Fairy.
Long Life to the Man, &c.

Here's

Here's a Health to the Tavern Drawer,
 That has a right Cock,
 To lift up a Smock,
 For to enter his Mistress's Cellar,
 Long Life to the Man, &c.

Here's a Health to the Alehouse-keeper,
 His Wife in the Bar,
 Still taking a Care

How to please the drunken Sleepers,
 Long Life to the Man Tom Jolly, &c.
 Who brings us good Wine,
 Wheresoever we dine,

The forsaken Swain.

MY Love she does slight me I needs must complain,
 Her Absence to me is a tormenting Pain;
 Ye powers above grant Assistance to me,
 And be kind to my Love wherever she be.

My Father separated me quite from my Dear,
 Which caused me many a sorrowful Tear;
 In sleeping I sigh, and in waking I cry,
 It is all for the Sake of my Jewel I die.

O had I Wings like the sweet Turtle-dove,
 I'd fly into the Air for to find out my Love;
 O what's all the Riches in this World unto me,
 Since I cannot enjoy my Love's Company.

In the Middle of the Night I dreamed a Dream,
 Another Man's Bride my Love has become;
 It surely did surprize me, I soon did awake,
 And if this come to pass, my poor Heart will break.

My Love she has Eyes like the bright Silver Streams,
 Her snowy Breast like the bright Swan that swims;
 Her Features and good Nature, all others do excel,
 And there's none in the World I can fancy so well.

Or

Or had I all the Riches that is on the Spanish Shore,
 Or had I all the Bags of Gold which Misers do adore;
 Or had I all the Riches that ever I did see,
 I would freely give it all for my Love's Company.

My Love she doth down in the North Country abide,
 Clothed with Hills and Mountains on every Side;
 She is the fairest Creature that ever I did see,
 She excels all the Maids in the North Country.

*The French Merchant's Daughter's Lamentation for
 the Loss of her Love.*

AS near Bedlam I was walking in a cool Evening,
 I heard a Lady most sweetly sing,
 And with these Words she her Sonnet began,
 I will never be double, double, double,
 Till my Love come again.

She sung, come pity me, for I am in Love,
 And there is none alive can my sorrow remove;
 For my Love is gone from me, and left me in Pain,
 For I never, &c.

May the Sea be blest'd my Dear sails upon,
 And likewise the Wind that does blow him along,
 And send him in Safety this Port to obtain.
 For I never, &c.

Young Lovers come view me that in Bedlam lies,
 In grief and confusion with watery Eyes;
 All the Music I have is in rattling my Chains,
 Yet I never, &c.

Might I have the Indies in Silver and Gold,
 Or twice as much as Bedlam will hold,
 I'd part with it for the Sake of the Man,
 But I never, &c.

O was I but with him in this stormy Weather,
 That we might take our hard Fortunes together;
 I would keep him secure from Cold, Wind and Rain,
 For I never, &c.

Come

Come all cruel Parents take Warning by mine,
And be to your Children more loving and kind;
Young Lovers take Care who you set your Hearts on,
For 'tis hard to recal when once 'tis gone.

The Answer to the Merchant's Daughter.

AS this charming Lady in Bedlam did mourn,
The Sailor her Lover did chance to return;
And being informed where she did remain,
He then said I soon will release her again.

When he came to the Room where his Love lay confin'd
With Iron-chains, which her Arms then did bind,
As he enter'd the Room, he heard her complain,
I'll never be double, double, double, double,
Till my Love come again.

Straight unto her Arms the young Sailor he flew,
And said, come Love, bid all thy Sorrows adieu;
For since thou so constant to me does remain,
I never, my Jewel, will leave thee again.

The Keeper said, I to her Father will lie;
And do what I can to make him comply;
Dear Lady, be chearful no longer complain,
For now your true Love is returned again.

Away went the young Man her Father to see,
And coming before him he fell on his knees;
Her Father from weeping could hardly refrain,
But said, I am glad to see you again.

He sent for the Daughter straightway out of Hand,
And gave her a portion in Houses and Land;
And soon after gave her to the young man,
Saying, no wealth nor Riches shall part you again.

Thus he that was expos'd to all weather and Wind,
And she that in chains lay in Bedlam confin'd;
Are join'd in Marriage by their Father's Consent,
What Heaven decrees, no man can prevent.

